Miſs JANE CAVE.

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639.

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

ENTERTAINING, ELEGIAC,

AND

RELIGIOUS.

By JANE CAVE.

WINCHESTER:
Printed for the AUTHOR, by J. SADLER.
M,DCC,LXXXIII.

1607/4673.

To the SUBSCRIBERS.

YE gen'rous patrons of a female's muſe,
Ere you my works with ſtudious eye peruſe,
My pen would firſt in humble ſtrains impart
The genuine dictates of a grateful heart:
Thanks to my friends—and ſhould my labours pleaſe,
Crown'd are my wiſhes, and my heart's at eaſe;
My time improv'd, my muſing hours well ſpent,
If theſe conſpire to give my friends content:
*But * Seward, Steele, or Moore, hope not to ſee,*
With gentle candour read the Author's Plea.‡

* Celebrated Poeteſſes.——‡ The firſt Poem.

To the SUBSCRIBERS.

ERRATA.

Page 8, Line 2, *for* tears, *read* tares
64, laſt Line, *for* Inæther, *read* In æther
78, Line 6, *for* propogate, *read* propagate
83, *for* 1781, *read* 1771.
108, Line 1, *for* talk, *read* take
109, Line 4, *for* ſimple, *read* ſinful
114, Line 2, *for* took, *read* tak'n
Line 7, *for* bid, *read* bade
120, Line 10, *for* the, *read* tho'
124, Line 13, *for* vexatious, *read* voracious

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THE CONTENTS.

THE Author's Plea 1

On Love and Wine 6

On the Parting of the Miſs B——s, of Wincheſter, with Mr. and Mrs. G——n 8

To a young Gentleman, who preſented the Author with a Poem in commendation of her ſinging 10

Extempore on Miſs Organ 13

The Woman's Ornament 14

Credulia's Complaint 18

On the Marriage of a Lady, to whom the Author was Bride-Maid 21

From Euſebia to Fidelio 25

On the Marriage of Captain A—— to Miſs R—— 29

A Letter to an Aunt 34

On the Departure of a Youth from the Author 37
To a Friend, on going to Itchen 40
A Poem, occaſioned by a Lady's doubting whether the Author compoſed an Elegy to which her name is affixed 44
A Poem for Children, on Cruelty, &c. 47
On an angry, petulant Kitchen-Maid 49
On the Death of an only Child 52
On the Author's leaving Bath, and going to Wincheſter 53
On the Celebration of the Night in which Miſſes W—— and J—— were bound Apprentices to Miſs H——. 56
On building Caſtles 57
On viewing the Portrait of Mr. T. W. 61
To an Aunt 62
On ſeeing Lady P— at a Place of Worſhip 63

On

ELEGIAC POEMS.

On the Death of Mr. Bradford 65
On the Death of Mrs. Maybery 69
On the Death of Mrs. Blake 74
On the Death of Mr. Whitefield 77
On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Howell Harris 83
On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Watkins 89
On the Death of the Author's Mother 96
Epitaph on a young Man who died three Days after he was married 100
Another on a young Lady 101
Another on an amiable Wife. ibid.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

A Poem on hearing the Rev. Mr. R—d read the Morning Service 102
An Hymn in Time of Oppoſition 107

Ano-

Another Hymn 108
On the firſt General Faſt after the Commencement of the late War 111
Lines compoſed inſtantaneouſly, at the Requeſt of a Company of gay Ladies 114
On profane Curſing and Swearing 116
On the Departure of ſix Miſſionaries to America 118
On hearing the Tolling of a Bell 121
An Hymn for Conſecration 130
An Hymn for Chriſtmas 132
On the General Faſt, Feb. 8, 1782 135
On hearing the Rev. Mr. B——, from Pſalm 65, 2 138
Ingratitude 146
An Hymn for a Child who has loſt its Father and Mother 147
Love, the Eſſence of Religion 149

POEMS

POEMS

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

The AUTHOR's PLEA.

WHO with a Critic's eye this book runs o'er,
Detects perhaps, a thouſand faults, and more,
Impartially the Author's plea muſt hear,
And then perhaps will ceaſe to be ſevere.

When reaſon firſt adorn'd my infant mind,
To books and poetry my heart inclin'd,

And as my years advanc'd, the paſſion grew,
And fair ideas round my fancy flew.
The Muſes ſeem'd to court me for their friend,
But Fortune would not to their ſuit attend;
She underſtood who proper ſubjects were,
To hold a converſe with theſe airy fair,
Muſt be poſſeſs'd at leaſt of independence,
That to the Muſes they may give attendance,
By books and ſtudy fructify the mind,
And lead the genius where it was inclin'd.
The inauſpicious Dame deny'd that I,
Should thus, where Nature's ſelf inclin'd, apply;
For ſhe perceiv'd, I did the Muſe befriend,
And could my days in contemplation ſpend,

Yet

Yet ſo contracted, circumſcrib'd my line,
I paus'd—if to diſcard the tuneful Nine.

Now duty calls my thoughts a different way;
Juſtice enjoins; I muſt her call obey.
So when the Muſes come on anxious wing,
Some pleaſing ſubject to my fancy bring,
I bid them fly where peaceful leiſure reſts,
I have no time to entertain ſuch gueſts.
They oft affect a deafneſs, draw more near,
Declare that they can no repulſes bear,
Demand admittance, vow they are inclin'd,
To ſtay till they imprint it on my mind.

Sometimes they are leſs bold, more ſhyly come,
And with indiff'rence aſk if I'm at home.

If duty will admit, I aſk them in,
When ſome engaging converſe they begin;
But ere, perhaps, the converſation's o'er,
Duty commands that we converſe no more.
Now Duty's call, I never muſt refuſe,
I riſe,—and with a bluſh myſelf excuſe;
Tell them I muſt withdraw a while, and when
Duty admits, I will return again.
Sometimes till I return, they deign to ſtay,
Sometimes they take offence, and fly away,
And never on that ſubject viſit more,
But bid me Fate's contracted hand deplore.

Thus, what the Author to the World preſents,
Appears through numberleſs impediments;

And

And what of praiſe, or of diſpraiſe you view,
To Nature and the Muſe is wholly due;
This, ſhe preſumes, will candid minds ſuffice,
And for her each defect apologize.

On LOVE and WINE.

Written by Deſire of P. G. Eſq. of WINCHESTER.

COME, deſcend ye gentle Nine!
Be Cupid too and Venus there;
When I ſing of Love and Wine,
Let Bacchus to my ſong repair.

Love, of ev'ry theme the beſt;
Where this celeſtial paſſion reigns,
Oh! the houſe, the heart, how bleſt,
Silken bands are Hymen's chains!

Love will ev'ry fault conceal,
And kindly each defect paſs o'er;
Generouſly each good reveal,
And the minuteſt grace explore.

Thoſe who wed for nought but gold,
As well may marble rocks unite;
In their flinty cliffs enfold,
And know Love's rapt'rous ſoft delight.

But when hands in wedlock join,
And their twin'd hearts unite in Love;
Peace is their's, and joys divine,
Next to thoſe which reign above.

And ſhould more auſpicious fate
Beſtow another bleſſing ſtill;
Deign our comforts to compleat,
Our boards with Wine and Plenty fill.

Wine will chear the languid heart,
And Love each angry thought controul
All that Nature aſks, impart,
And fill with Paradiſe the Soul.

Written

Written by the Deſire of the Miſs B——s, of WINCHESTER, on their parting with Mr. and Mrs. G——N.

AH! gloomy, inauſpicious day,
Which tears our charming friends away,
Which bids us from our G——N part,
And ſtamps their abſence on our heart!
Let clouds and darkneſs veil the ſky,
And tears deſcend from ev'ry eye.

Adieu ye lovely happy pair,
Who all the ſocial comforts ſhare;
Love, joy, and calm tranquillity,
Compoſe your bleſt ſociety.

With

With you what happy hours we've ſpent,
In pleaſure, mirth, and ſweet content.
Alas! thoſe pleaſing days are o'er,
And you the B———s bleſs no more.

But abſence ſhall not damp our flame,
Friendſhip's pure lamp ſhall burn the ſame;
And while we have an ear to hear,
The name of G———n ſhall be dear.

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN who preſented the Author with a Poem, in Commendation of her Singing.

COULD I, arch youth, your flatt'ring lines believe;
Were not your ſex too ſubject to deceive,
I, like a credulous, unthinking maid,
Might be to thoughts of vanity betray'd;
But, conſcious my dull pipe no merit claims,
My ſoul, like a ſtern oak, unmov'd remains.

Were I aſſur'd that what thoſe lines impart,
Was quite the genuine language of your heart,

It

It ſurely would *demonſtrate* a defect,
Which in my friend I wiſh not to detect.
Your ſenſe and judgment 'twould at once
decry,
And prove you praiſe you know not what,
nor why.
But I eſteem your ſenſe and penetration,
And thus conclude, from that conſideration,
That all th' encomiums you on me beſtow,
I, to your ſkill in irony muſt owe;
Your ſex are quite proficients in this ſchool,
And may elate the vain, unwary fool.

While I good-nature in my friend admire;
While grace and perſpicuity conſpire,
To make him all a parent can deſire,
Yet would I ſay, as to the friend I love,
(For none ſo good but he may ſtill improve)
Would

Would you be thought a pleaſing, hopeful youth,
Let all you write or ſpeak be grac'd with truth.
Truth with reſplendent luſtre ſhews her face,
While falſhood ſkulks, and ſinks in black diſgrace.
As you advance in years, in virtue grow,
So ſhall you her tranſcendant bleſſings know.
Virtue and Wiſdom are entwined friends;
Who Virtue gains, true Wiſdom apprehends,
Heav'n guards his feet, and peace his ſteps attends.

Spoken

Spoken extempore to a young Lady, whoſe Name was ORGAN, on her Return Home, after a few Months Abſence.

WHEN tuneful inſtruments appear,
They indicate ſome pleaſure near,
And if an Organ we behold,
It doth a ſacred theme unfold;
It's one, it's chief, it's grand deſign,
Is to break forth in ſongs divine.
Welcome, fair inſtrument of praiſe,
Thy preſence ſhall our ſpirits raiſe;
And that thou art preſerv'd from ill,
Art an unblemiſh'd Organ ſtill,
That ev'ry pipe's in tune, rejoice,
And we'll accord in heart and voice.

THE WOMAN's ORNAMENT.

SYLVIA, as you deſcend from line to line,
I know your judgment will concur with mine.
Should paſſion with your better thoughts contend,
In Reaſon's empire I've inſur'd a friend.
While I attempt, tho' in a feeble ſtrain,
My ſexes brighteſt ornament t' explain.

It centers not in yon' unthinking laſs,
Who murders half her moments at the glaſs.

That

That well dreſt cap, or better frizzled
head,
With richeſt pearls and tow'ring plumes
o'er-ſpread,
That lovely eaſy ſhape, or graceful air,
Which at the ball eclipſes all the fair;
That Angel's face, whoſe beauteous hues
diſcloſe,
The ſnowy lilly, or the bluſhing roſe;
With iv'ry teeth, or more bewitching
eyes,
Before whoſe luſtre ev'ry brilliant dies;
With voice harmonious, or enchanting
tongue,
With pointed wit, or elocution hung;
With theſe, O Sylvia! you may be replete,
Yet want the pearl which makes you truly
great.

But can you boaſt of wealth and ſtore of gold?
In you, ſome ſordid minds the gem behold;
Poſſeſt of this, you'll meet each ſwain's reſpect,
It ſtrangely turns to beauty each defect,
Makes prudence, virtue, ſenſe, and merit flow,
From ground where folly, vice, and malice grow.
But one eſteem'd the wiſeſt of the wiſe,
Beheld our ſexes worth with other eyes,
And her pronounces, of the pearl poſſeſt,
Who's with a meek and quiet ſpirit bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul retains ſound judgment, ſolid ſenſe,
And virtue, with religion's noble fence;
An humble, gen'rous, free, exalted mind,
From all the groſſer ſentiments refin'd;

An

An heart ſincere, ſedate,—not apt to roam,
A mind domeſtic, ever beſt at home.
Be this my lot, my noble portion this,
And lo! I aſk for no ſuperior bliſs.

CREDULIA's COMPLAINT.

AH! why theſe tears,—this riſing ſigh,
Theſe ſoft impreſſions yet;
Cannot ſuch matchleſs perfidy
Compel me to forget?

Ye rural walks, ye verdant meads,
Ye ſolitary bowers,
Beneath your ſoft alluring ſhades
I've kill'd unnumber'd hours.

From you alone I ſeek redreſs,
PERFIDIO's vows recal;
Perhaps you'll pity my diſtreſs,
For you have heard them all.

Ah!

Ah! with what tears did he invoke,
What ſighs my love implore,
A thouſand tender things he ſpoke,
And look'd a thouſand more.

Long did he ſeek CREDULIA's heart,
Ere ſhe that heart could give,
Till Cupid ſhot that fatal dart,
Which bade PERFIDIO live.

Now words were wanting to expreſs
The tranſports of his ſoul,
He hop'd no more,—muſt die with leſs,
Her will ſhould his controul.

Still more as with her converſe bleſt,
The gentle flame increas'd;
'Twas Paradiſe within his breaſt,
When her his arms embrac'd.

And ſhould ſhe ever prove unkind,
Or with another wed,
He'd never change his ſtedfaſt mind,
But join the peaceful dead.

I heard nor did the fraud detect,
The treach'rous ſwain believ'd,
Nor once did my weak heart ſuſpect,
I e'er ſhould be deceiv'd.

But ſuch I was;—Yet ſtill the tear
Unwilling fills my eye,
And ſtill I find his image here,
And ſtill I heave a ſigh.

But riſe, my ſoul, with juſt diſdain,
Regard the guilty youth,
Nor let him give thy boſom pain,
Who flies the path of truth.

On the Marriage of a LADY, to whom the Author was Bride-Maid.

AS the light bark on the tempeſtuous ſea,
Toſs'd to and fro, from dangers never free;
Diſmay'd with fear, and mov'd with ev'ry blaſt,
Till in a port her anchor's firmly caſt;
So oft is mov'd Man's fluctuating mind,
Till it in wedlock a ſafe anchor find;
Here, if the ſoul but meets her deſtin'd mate,
Her joys are full, her happineſs compleat.

Be this your happy lot, my lovely friend,
Whoſe nuptial rites I this glad morn attend;

Whoſe

Whoſe humble, gentle mind for peace was born,
Whom virtue, love, and innocence adorn.
Celeſtial graces dignify thy ſoul,
While pure religion all thy ways controul.
Theſe noble virtues, which in thee abound,
Are haply in thy lov'd PHILANDER found.
His heart ſincere, his temper ſoft and mild,
Nor torn by anger, nor with art beguil'd,
Such gentle hearts alone ſhould join their hands,
And find that Hymen's chains are ſilken bands.
Their emulation's not who'll reign ſupreme,
But who ſhall love the moſt,—be moſt ſerene.

Remote

Remote from vanity and wordly toys,
Each ſeeks with each for more ſubſtantial joys.
Tranquillity ſhall in their borders dwell,
Nor diſcord once approach their peaceful cell,
But mutually each other's grief they'll bear,
As mutually each other's joys will ſhare.

Thus, thus, my friend, may you for ever prove,
The ſoft delight of harmony and love;
May ev'ry bleſſing you can aſk of Heav'n,
To conſtitute your happineſs be giv'n.
If Heav'n beſtows, with joy receive the prize,
If Heav'n witholds, 'tis beſt what Heav'n denies.

Thus

Thus ſweetly may you paſs your future life,
Nor once repent that you became a wife;
That you declin'd the pleaſing name of B——M,
And that alone preferr'd of H—RAG—M.

From

From EUSEBIA to FIDELIO.

ERE you, FIDELIO, theſe ſoft lines ſhall view,
We ſhall have ſpoke that painful word, Adieu!
I know the anguiſh of your faithful heart,
I know you thought it more than death to part;
But now 'tis done;—The dreaded trial's o'er,
Your lov'd EUSEBIA you behold no more.
No more on willing feet together walk,
Or of our joys, or of our ſorrows talk;
When each, as to a friend ſincere and kind,
Diſclos'd the fond emotions of the mind.

No more FIDELIO's arms become my bed,
Or on his neck reclines my drooping head;
Days, weeks, and months muſt in ſucceſſion glide,
Ere you, again, will join EUSEBIA's ſide.
O'er hills and dales ſhe takes her diſtant flight,
And mountain tops obſcure her from your ſight;
Long lanes, and fields, and meadows cloath'd in green,
And many a weary ſtep, lies now between.

Perhaps, ere this, a tear bedews your eye,
And your ſad boſom heaves a tender ſigh;
But ſpare your tears, of this your heart aſſure,
Mine eyes enough for you and I procure.

So

So let no doubts your conſtant heart aſſail,
For none but you, FIDELIO, ſhall prevail.
Shou'd Heav'n advance me to the higheſt ſphere,
You only are, and ever ſhall be dear.
That gen'rous heart, which ſought not gold, but me,
Shall meet its equal, noble, gen'rous, free.
Fair Fortune ſmiles and I'll again return,
And bid my juſt FIDELIO ceaſe to mourn.
Our conſtant hearts, our willing hands ſhall join,
Thy lov'd EUSEBIA ſhall be wholly thine.
But if on earth we ne'er ſhall meet again,
In this afflictive world of grief and pain;
If Heav'n, all-wiſe, erects my nuptial bed,
Within the peaceful regions of the dead,

I hope to meet you in that world above,
Where it will be adjudg'd no crime to
love;
Where *fathers* cannot frown, nor friends
dismay,
But all be joy through one eternal day.

On the Marriage of Captain A——— to Miſs R———.

YE Nymphs of Helicon, attend my lyre,
While all the feather'd Choriſters conſpire,
In notes celeſtial to ſalute the morn,
When SYLVIA doth the nuptial rites adorn.
See Cupids, Sylphs, and Goddeſſes deſcend;
Venus and all her gentle train attend;
While ev'ry fragrant flow'r appears in bloom,
And minds moſt penſive diſſipate their gloom.
All happy in this nuptial joy to ſhare,
And each congratulates the happy pair.

The happy pair, who, lock'd in Hymen's bands,
United hearts, ere they united hands.

ORENZO's heart, to martial fields enur'd,
Who all the hoſtile acts of war endur'd,
One tender look from SYLVIA quite diſarms;
But where's the boſom can withſtand ſuch charms?
When beauty, grace, and innocence combin'd,
T' inſpire the ſoul, and captivate the mind.
Who proof remains, 'gainſt cannon balls and fire,
May by one glance from SYLVIA's eyes expire.
Thoſe lovely eyes emitted ſuch a dart,
As made a conqueſt of ORENZO's heart;

A noble conqueſt, worthy of the fair,
Who in his future joys and grief will ſhare.

How bleſt the ſwain, of ſuch a bride poſſeſt!
The nymph ally'd to ſuch a ſwain, how bleſt!
Long may you live,—connubial life adorn;
Yea, live to bleſs the children yet unborn,
Live,—and no other emulation know,
But who the greateſt tenderneſs ſhall ſhew;
And when fair SYLVIA feels a Mother's care
May ſhe a Mother's conſolation ſhare;
May ev'ry tender branch that ſhall be giv'n,
Be fructify'd with all the gifts of Heav'n.
While SYLVIA, who by good example's taught,
Whoſe mind is by maternal goodneſs fraught,

With

With ſuch inſtruction, as purſu'd through life,
Will grace the mother, and adorn the wife.
Fair SYLVIA will, with notions moſt refin'd,
Direct their ſteps, and cultivate the mind.
ORENZO too, with a paternal heart,
Will all that's uſeful, kind, or good, impart.
Thus, with each joy, and ſocial comfort bleſt,
Each morn they'll riſe, and eve retire to reſt.

Should duty, loyalty, or war's alarms,
Demand ORENZO from his SYLVIA's arms,
With rage redoubl'd, he'll engage the foe,
And ſink them ſwiftly down to ſhades below;
Bid each the fatal conſequences prove,
Who dares detain the hero from his love.

Thus

Thus conqu'ring more by Cupid than by
Mars,
Fly to his fair triumphant from the wars;
Find in her virtuous arms that ſweet repaſt,
Which lawleſs libertines can never taſte;
Her ev'ry look ſhall joys ſublime create,
And make a Paradiſe of his retreat.

A
LETTER to an AUNT.

DEAR Madam pleaſe to pardon me,
That I with you this freedom take,
But thus a kind enquiry,
After your health is all I make.

My parents, ſelf, and ſiſters too,
Thro' mercy are extremely well;
And hope, and long, and pray that you,
This pleaſing news may have to tell.

Alas! tis more than ſix long years,
Since you and I were forc'd to part,
I need not tell, for ſure my tears
Confeſs'd how much it mov'd my heart.

This

This penſive thought my mind impreſt,
Alas! I ne'er ſhall ſee her more;
Then was my ſpirit ſo diſtreſt,
That fill'd with grief, my eyes ran o'er.

And now again, with grief I ſay,
I ne'er expect your face to ſee,
Since nothing calls me hence your way,
And nothing calls you thence to me.

But if we never meet below,
While we theſe mortal bodies wear,
When you, dear Aunt, to Heav'n ſhall go,
May I be bleſt to meet you there.

While yet appears your ſetting ſun,
Some fleeting moments yet remain;
If ev'ry family ſhould be one,
Why may not ink our paper ſtain.

Madam,

Madam, if you will condeſcend
To write, if but a ſingle line,
You'll much oblige your loving friend,
An humble fav'rite of the Nine.

But ſhould I not this favour gain,
Till Death tranſmits me to my grave,
I wiſh, dear Madam, to remain,
Your loving dutious niece, JANE CAVE.

On

On the Departure of a Youth from the Author, with whom ſhe had lived near two Years.

DAYS, weeks, and months are gone and paſt,
This morning uſhers in the laſt,
The laſt,—that ever we, my friend,
May in one habitation ſpend.
But ere we part, my friendly muſe
Wou'd kindly this precaution uſe.
You now are juſt in manhood's dawn,
And flow'ry proſpects deck the lawn;
Wealth, pleaſure, ſtrength, and length of days,
With joyful hope, your mind ſurveys.

But let your heart receive this truth,
Ten thouſand ſnares are laid for youth;
Ten thouſand ſins, in pleaſure's dreſs,
Each youth will to their boſom preſs.
One ſin calls here, another there,
And youth, too oft, incline an ear,
The ſoft deluſive voice to hear.

Regard then this my parting breath,
Thoſe flow'ry paths lead down to death,
And when you are from me remote,
With gay companions, void of thought;
When you ſhall hear their tongues profane
The great JEHOVAH's ſacred name,
And you, perhaps, with them ſhall join
To imprecate the wrath divine,
Tho' no reproving friend is near,
Remember God himſelf is there.

Let

Let recollection then relate,
What oft you've heard a friend repeat,
Conſcience ſhall ev'ry truth atteſt,
And own each admonition juſt;
She will a faithful diary keep,
Tho' oft we think ſhe's lull'd to ſleep.
But ah!—ſhould death your ſoul o'ertake,
You'd find the treach'rous dame awake;
But this obſcure, this laſt ſad day,
Youth ſhuns, and puts it far away.
But come, or ſoon, or late that hour,
We know we all muſt feel its pow'r.

This long expected period's come,
As certain *that*, which ſeals our doom,
Which ſtabs our vitals,—draws our breath,
And cloſes up our eyes in death,
Which makes us bid the world Adieu!
And brings eternity to view,

Which hails us partners of the ſky,
Or bids us down to horror fly:
Then ſhall your heart theſe lines approve,
And know that all I meant was love.

Written to a Friend, on going to ITCHEN, about five Miles from WINCHESTER, to ſee a Country Seat belonging to the Duke of Chandos.

A Friendly party, of one mind,
Were for a pleaſure-day inclin'd,
Forſook their beds on Thurſday morn,
When each their perſons did adorn

With

With raiment proper for the day,
And in high ſpirits drove away.
The morn did a bad day portend,
Bid ſome unwelcome ſhow'rs deſcend;
But ſable clouds now diſappear,
And azure decks the atmoſphere;
Phœbus expands his golden rays,
And all the rural ſweets diſplays,
And that my friend the whole may know,
We to a place call'd ITCHEN go;
Where, with an honeſt batchelor,
We meet with good and hearty cheer.
Sincere, ingenuous, plain and free,
No needleſs compliment had he.
Each welcome, what he lik'd to chuſe,
And each as welcome to refuſe.
A while we after dinner ſat,
Engag'd in inoffenſive chat,

Then arm in arm, in pairs we ſtalk,
And to his Grace's manſion walk.
Here, each apartment we behold,
Doth ſomething of the Duke unfold.
Magnificence decks ev'ry place,
And ſpeaks the owner is his Grace.
Some ancient portraits caught my eye,
Which bid my boſom heave a ſigh,
For ah! thoſe once lov'd forms with reptiles lie.

When we had view'd the manſion o'er,
Park, garden, fiſh-ponds, and much more,
Our feeble frames begin to tire,
And ſome refreſhment we require.
We now approach the humble cell,
Wherein our ruſtic friend doth dwell.
Here, fill'd with new ideas, we
Regale us with a diſh of tea.

Some

Some hours yet remain unſpent,
And pleaſure was our ſole intent.
So that we may the ſame increaſe,
Reſolv'd the chryſtal ſtream to trace,
Forthwith into a boat we go,
And up and down the river row,
See the glad fiſhes friſk and play,
And ſeem as bleſt, and pleas'd as they.

Re-ent'ring now our friends retreat,
To make his bounty quite compleat,
A pleaſant ſyllabub we find,
When each may drink, who is inclin'd.

Phœbus now haſtens to the weſt,
We think to haſten home is beſt;
So parting with our gen'rous friend,
Wiſhing each bliſs may him attend,
Enter our carriage, drive away,
Beſtow encomiums on the day.

None

None ſeem'd inclining to relent,
Each had a day of pleaſure ſpent;
Thus chatting on, till we alight,
And bid each other a good night.

Thankful, we all are ſafe and well,
And that no ill has us befel;
Each to their dwelling go their way,
And thus concludes our pleaſure-day.

A Poem, occaſioned by a Lady's doubting whether the Author compoſed an Elegy, to which her Name is affix'd.

IF good Miſs H— will condeſcend,
To read theſe lines which I have penn'd,
Perhaps it may her doubts confute,
And ſhe'll no more my word diſpute,

But

But own I may the Author be,
Of what ſhe did on Sunday ſee.
You'd hate a baſe perfidious youth,
Such *my* diſguſt to all untruth.
A gen'rous mind is never prone
To claim a merit not her own.
I wou'd diſdain t' affix my name
To that, which is another's claim.
Of beauteous form Heav'n made me not,
(Nor has ſoft affluence been my lot,)
But fix'd me in an humble ſtation,
Remote from thoſe of rank and faſhion;
But there are beauties of the mind,
Which are not to the great confin'd;
Wiſdom does not erect her ſeat
Always in palaces of ſtate;
This bleſſing Heav'n diſpenſes round,
She's ſometimes in a cottage found,

And

And tho' ſhe is a gueſt majeſtic,
May deign to dwell in a domeſtic.

Yet, of this great celeſtial gueſt,
I dare not boaſt myſelf poſſeſt,
But this wou'd repreſent to you,
As Wiſdom does, the Muſes do,
No def'rence ſhew to wealth or eaſe,
But pay their viſits as they pleaſe.
Sometimes they deign to call on me,
And tune my mind to poetry;
But ah! they're fled, I'll drop my pen,
Nor raiſe it till they call again.

A POEM for CHILDREN.

On Cruelty to the Irrational Creation.

OH! what a cruel wicked thing,
For me who am a little King, *
To give my hapleſs ſubjects pain,
And make them groan beneath my reign.

Were I a chafer, and could fly,
Ah! ſhould I not with anguiſh cry,
Should naughty children take a pin,
And run me through to make me ſpin?

Were I a bird, took from my neſt,
Should I not think myſelf oppreſt,
If toſs'd about in wanton play,
'Till maim'd and faint I die away?

* See PSALMS, viii. vi.

No

Now, and when I'm a bigger boy,
Let cruelty my heart annoy,
Becauſe it is a dreadful evil,
That only fits me for the Devil.

If I muſt ought of life deprive,
The quickeſt way I will contrive,
To ſtop the tremb'ling victim's breath,
And give it little pain in death.

I'll not torment a dog or cat,
A toad, a viper, or a rat;
They're form'd by an Almighty hand,
And ſprung to life at his command.

A bull, a horſe, yea every creature,
Of the moſt mild or ſavage nature,
Were kindly given for my uſe,
But never meant for my abuſe.

Good

Good men, thy holy word atteſts,
Are kind and tender to their beaſts;
May I be merciful and kind,
That I with thee may mercy find.

Written by Deſire of a Lady, on an angry, petulant Kitchen-Maid.

GOOD Miſtreſs Diſhclout, what's the matter?
Why here—the ſpoon, and there—the platter?
What demon cauſes all this low'ring,
Black as the pot you oft are ſcow'ring?
Hot as the fire you daily light,
Your ſpeech with low invectives blight,

While rage impregnates ev'ry vein,
And dies the face *one crimſon ſtain.*
Sure ſome one has a word miſplac'd,
Or look'd not equal to your taſte,
Or, is this juſt the time you've choſe,
Your great acquirements to diſcloſe,
Diſplay the graces of your tongue,
Shew with what eloquence 'tis hung,
As dog, rogue, ſcoundrel, ſcrub, what not,
And twenty more, I've quite forgot;
Which prove to a demonſtration
You've had a liberal education;
Such titles muſt enchant the ear,
And make the bounteous donor dear;
But while theſe bounties are diſpenſing,
I wiſh I'd learn'd the art of fencing,
Leaſt while at John you aim to throw,
My nob ſhould chance to catch the blow;

Then

Then I ſhould get a broken pate,
And marks of violence I hate.
Good Miſtreſs Diſhclout condeſcend
To hear the counſel of a friend;
When next you are diſpos'd to brawl,
Pray let the ſcull'ry hear it all,
And learn to know, your fitteſt place
Is with the diſhes and the greaſe,
And when you are inclin'd to battle,
Engage the ſkimmer, ſpit, or kettle,
Or any other kitchen gueſt,
Which you in wiſdom might think beſt.

Written by Deſire of a Mother, who had loſt an only Child.

AS with delight we view the op'ning roſe
Expand, and all her fragrant ſweets diſcloſe,
So did MATERNA view her lovely maid,
In all the charms of innocence array'd;
Oft had her little all, her only child,
The tedious hour with pleaſing chat beguil'd,
But Heav'n, all-good, and infinitely wiſe,
Remov'd this darling idol to the ſkies,
Ere her young heart had been *obdur'd* by ſin,
Or guilt, tormenting fiend, could brood therein,
Ere ſhe arriv'd at years that might deſtroy,
By one falſe ſtep, a tender mother's joy.

Behold

Behold ſhe ſoars to yon celeſtial fields,
Where ev'ry plant æthereal odour yields;
With pitying eye, methinks ſhe looks below,
Commiſſerates a tender mother's woe,
Bids her dejected heart from earth retire,
And all her future thoughts to Heav'n aſpire;
Prepare, ſhe cries,—prepare to meet the bleſt,
And join your SALLY in eternal reſt.

On the Author's leaving BATH and going to WINCHESTER, Nov. 13, 1779.

ALAS! 'tis done, I can no longer ſtay,
For Tueſday morn will hurry me away

From BATH,—from friends whoſe friend-
ſhip I revere,
Friends—moſt diſint'reſted and ſincere;
I bid them all adieu! and go alone,
To a ſtrange place, unknowing and un-
known.
I know your kindeſt wiſhes me attend,
And in this place may raiſe to me a friend.

I go,—but ſome, alas! from whom I
part,
Like a kind parent lie within my heart,
And cou'd I know we part, to meet no more,
I wou'd each thought of parting now give
o'er.

My tears prevent,—why do mine eyes
o'erflow,
And why my heart ſuch poignant ſorrow
know?

But

But can I,—dare I, unaffected be,
With ſuch unmerited reſpect to me?
I nought poſſeſs, I nothing can return,
But ſure my heart with gratitude ſhall burn;
Indelible *their* kindneſs ſhall remain,
Nor will I wiſh my paſſions to reſtrain.

My pray'rs and tears (would they were prevalent!)
Shall be to Heav'n by ardent breathing ſent,
That ev'ry wiſh'd for bleſſing may deſcend
On each whom kindneſs conſtitutes my friend;
May plenty, life, and health with each remain,
And I be bleſt to meet you all again.

But ſhould pale Death for either of you call,
Or fix on me, and force me from you all,

Be

Be this my pray'r, till my frail life is o'er,
That we may meet on yon celeſtial ſhore,
Where death, and grief, and parting are
no more.

A Poem, on the Celebration of the Night in which Miſſes W—— and J—— were bound Apprentices to Miſs H. of Bath.

IN love and innocent delight
We meet to ſpend this wiſh'd for night;
When FLAVIA and SELIME are bound,
And may their time with peace be crown'd.
May health and harmony, and love,
And all the bleſſings from above,
Crown ev'ry day kind Heav'n ſhall give,
Whilſt you ſhall with fair SILVIA live.

May

May FLAVIA, and young SELIME too,
(As friends conſiſtently may do)
In this each other emulate,
Who ſhall with knowledge be replete;
Who be moſt active, moſt ſincere,
Who moſt in goodneſs perſevere:
And whilſt fair SILVIA rules with eaſe,
Be your ambition ſtill to pleaſe.
So peace ſhall crown your fleeting hours,
Content and happineſs be yours.

Written by the Deſire of a Lady, On Building of Caſtles.

BUILDING of Caſtles did commence,
In days of old, for our defence,
And uſually erected were,
Adjacent to the Seat of war;

Where

Where blood and ſlaughter did abound,
And drench'd with gore the thirſty ground;
Where powder, darts, and bullets flew,
Nor one relenting paſſion knew;
But winging through the ſmoke and fire,
Made thouſands groan, bleed, and expire.

Caſtles were built firm and ſecure,
Wherein ſome treaſure to inſure;
With cells and caverns dark, profound,
And walls impregnable around.
It's direful decorations are
The whole artillery of war;
Cannons and muſkets, ſwords and bombs,
Hangers and ſpears, and fifes and drums.
Bullets, and ev'ry fit ſupply,
Wherewith t'attack the enemy.

Some caſtles too, of which we hear,
Are fabricated in the air;

But

But theſe are of the mental kind,
The ſole conſtruction of the mind.
We in theſe æther caſtles ride,
With all the equipage of pride,
And in imagination riſe,
Superior monarchs of the ſkies.
One blaſt this edifice deſtroys,
Abortive are our promis'd joys.
Our miniſtry this caſtle built,
By which the blood of thouſands ſpilt;
Fancy'd a thouſand men or two
Could all AMERICA ſubdue.
But thrice ten thouſand croſs'd the main,
A million's in the conteſt ſlain.
Yet, ah! fell caſtle, direful ill,
AMERICA's un-conqu'red ſtill.

Caſtles are an imperfect plan,
Of that ſuperior creature,—Man.

The

The body is a caſtle where,
The moſt intrinſic treaſures are;
Well fraught with arms for man's defence
As reaſon, recollection, ſenſe;
Which if we exerciſe aright,
Put all our Enemies to flight;
Spoil Envy with her pois'nous dart,
And wound Reſentment to the heart;
Bid Diſcontent and Anger fly,
And each unruly paſſion die;
Subdue Diſtruſt and black Deſpair,
And ſubſtitute Contentment there.
Thus conqu'ring, we ſuperior riſe
With ſhouts of vict'ry to the ſkies.
Where ev'ry Conqueror is bleſt,
In Caſtles of eternal reſt.

The AUTHOR perſonates the MOTHER viewing the Portrait of Mr. T. W. who was then in the EAST INDIES.

LO! here the lovely portrait's ſeen,
But, ah! what oceans roll between;
What tracks of land, and deſerts wild,
Divide me from my darling child!
Carnage, and Death triumphant reign,
Storms riſe, and thunders roar in vain,
Nor rocks, nor racks, nor wars deter,
The dear, the bold Adventurer;
Diſdaining affluence, peace, and eaſe,
He braves the horrors of the ſeas.

Thou, whoſe omniſcient eye pervades
Celeſtial heights, and darkeſt ſhades,
Surveys at once each point of land,
And holds the ocean in thy hand,

Preſerve this brave advent'rous youth,
And lead him to the paths of truth;
Still o'er his ev'ry thought preſide,
And bid his ſoul in thee confide.
Preſerve him, till each danger's o'er,
And land him on his native ſhore;
Then our exulting hearts ſhall raiſe
A ſong of gratitude and praiſe.

Written to an AUNT, accompanied with TWO ELEGIES.

MADAM, your Niece reſumes her pen,
And writes to her dear Aunt again;
That you may ſee her weak attempts,
Humbly two Elegies preſents.
Begs you will kindly them accept
With this precaution—don't expect

Any

Any great worth in them to ſee,
For they were wholly made by me.
Tho' quite imperfect, don't refuſe
The labours of a Female's Muſe,
But kindly each defect paſs o'er,
Your niece JANE CAVE will aſk no more.

On ſeeing Lady P—— at a Place of Worſhip.

MY ſlighted Muſe long time had flown,
And great diſguſt to me had ſhewn;
But yeſterday ſhe call'd again,
And forc'd me to reſume my pen.
" Behold! ſhe ſaid, yon lovely face,
" Which Nature form'd with ſo much grace,
" Riches and honours are her own,
" And ſocial comforts yet unknown,
" Prudence, that lov'd tho' humble gueſt,
" Erects a throne within her breaſt.

" When plac'd within the Houſe of Pray'r,
" She recollected GOD was there;
" Tho' Levity was by her ſide,
" She with a ſweet becoming pride,
" Rebuk'd the fair——devoutly ſat,
" Nor once preſum'd to laugh or chat:
" For well ſhe knew 'twould ſink her down
" Below the level of a Clown.
" That titles only agrandize,
" And bid us as ſuperiors riſe,
" In juſt proportion as they're join'd,
" Unto a great ennobled mind;
" Who, with a proper, humble grace,
" Demeans herſelf in ev'ry place,
" Such is the fair of whom I ſpeak,
" For whom I did this viſit make."
Thus ſpake my Muſe, then took her flight
Inæther, and out ſoar'd my ſight.

POEMS
SACRED TO THE MEMORY of the DEAD.

On the Death of Mr. BRADFORD, an eminent Gardener in BRISTOL, July, 1774.

WHERE are thoſe wonted feet, O tell me where!
That to this garden did ſo oft repair?
Behold! I ſearch, but ah! I ſearch in vain,
Alas! no traces of them here remain.
Ye plants and flow'rs, come tell me if you can,
Where is the good, laborious, faithful man,

Who daily view'd you with diſcerning eye,
Wou'd ev'ry beauty, ev'ry fault eſpy?
Nect'rines and peaches, apricots and all
Ye pleaſant fruits, that are within my call,
Where are thoſe hands, that with an artful care
Oft prun'd your trees, knew when to prune, and where?
Hot-houſe and green-houſe, next I aſk of you,
But ye unwilling are to tell me too.
Of ev'ry plant, and tree, and flow'r I aſk,
But none will undertake the painful taſk,
The truly fatal, penſive news to tell,
To ſay their friend has took his long farewel,
For all his loſs, in ſilent grief deplore,

Their

Their looks proclaim that BRADFORD is no more.
No more, methinks they ſay, we ſee our friend,
Who weeks, and months, and years with us did ſpend;
Who planted us, and ſet us firſt to grow,
Tranſplanted us, and mov'd us to and fro.
Us to improve, was BRADFORD's chief delight,
His work by day, and ſtudy too by night.
Before the riſing of yon radient ſun,
Each morn our friend his daily work begun.
Yea, oft with fair Aurora he would riſe,
For us the ſoft alluring bed deſpiſe.
Now no ſuch care and conſtancy we find,
Alas! his equal is not left behind.

Whilſt

Whilſt thus the penſive flow'rs his worth repeat,
The plants and trees their cries reverberate:
And I'll their authenticity atteſt,
His worth and merit were by all confeſt,
He was labor'ous, careful, wiſe, and good,
Each plant and tree minutely underſtood.
He was,—but ah! I'll not recount his praiſe,
'Twill not allay our grief, but ſorrow raiſe;
For now he is no more, but borne away,
From realms of ſorrow to celeſtial day.
Propitious Heav'n beheld, and mov'd with love
Kindly remov'd him hence to realms above,
And when he found his diſſolution nigh,
He ſaid, "Come, wife, ſit down, and ſee me die."
Serene and calm he bow'd his peaceful head,
Without a groan the willing ſpirit fled.

And

And when this tranſitory life is o'er,
O may his partner gain the happy ſhore,
Triumphant in a flaming car aſcend,
And ever dwell with her departed friend!

On the Death of Mrs. MAYBERY, of BRECON.

AND can it be? and is her ſpirit fled?
Is dear OPHELIA number'd with the dead?
Are all the days of her probation paſt?
And is her die unalterably caſt?
Heart piercing thought—flow tears from ev'ry eye,
While ev'ry boſom riſes with a ſigh.
What goodneſs, prudence, wiſdom, laid in duſt!
Ah! Who the greateſt Potentate can truſt!

Where

Where's he! could I each mortal's name
rehearſe,
Who pow'r hath gain'd this ſentence to
reverſe.

Obdurate King—Infatiable Death!
Who thus a period puts to mortals breath;
By thy rude hand no defference is paid,
Greatneſs with indigence in duſt is laid;
Deſtruction is eſſential to thy name,
And all thy direful acts thy pow'r pro-
claim.
What hopes are ſpoil'd? What near con-
nections broke,
By this thy ſudden unrelenting ſtroke?
The life deſtroy'd, the valuable life
Of miſtreſs, ſiſter, daughter, mother, wife.
See her domeſtics who her goodneſs knew,
Pour forth the tribute to her merit due,
While

While weeping ſiſters bath'd in tears remain,
And ſighing brothers ſcarce their grief
ſuſtain.
While tender, aged Parents' hearts o'erflow,
Nor joy nor reſt, nor conſolation know,
While duteous children, ſent her by the Lord,
In fruitleſs tears the mournful day record.
And then behold, but ah! what heart can
gueſs
The grief profound, the depth of that diſtreſs,
Which ſeiz'd at once the partner of her bed,
When told his wife, his other ſelf was dead?
Trembling methinks, with ev'ry thought
amaz'd,
Aſtoniſh'd at the meſſenger he gaz'd!
The vital ſtream congeals in ev'ry vein,
While ſcarcely ſpirits, ſtrength, or life
remain.

'Anxious at once the whole dread ſcene to know,
Yet dreads to hear what will increaſe his woe.
'At length inform'd—delug'd in grief he lies,
Nor hopes redreſs, but from his weeping eyes.
'He calls the friendly tear to eaſe his grief,
But theſe recoil, nor deign to give relief.
Thus with an heart o'erborne, and ſpirits broke,
He ſinks beneath th'intolerable ſtroke.
He ruminates—at length the ſilence breaks,
And thus methinks, in penſive accents ſpeaks;
Alas! for me, my happier days are o'er,
I hear the voice—behold the face no more
Of her my friend, my beſt belov'd, my wife,
The joy, ſupport, and comfort of my life;
The tender mother of my progeny,
[illegible] miſtreſs of my family;

How

How many uſeful years might ſhe have
ſpent,
To bleſs thoſe children, which by Heav'n
are lent,
To guide their feet, inculcate filial fear,
While ev'ry look maternal love did bear?
Her care judiciouſly, rul'd all within,
When I, for weeks and months have abſent
been.
My help-mate ſhe, who with ſuperior grace,
Adorn'd the miſtreſs, wife, and mother's
place.
Thus mourns her ſpouſe, while numbers
ſwell the cry,
Her death demands a tear from ev'ry eye.
In her the poor and wretched found a friend,
On her did for their chief ſupport depend.
Bleſt with a noble, free, and gen'rous heart,
In her mean av'rice could claim no part.

And now 'twould be but juſt, if in return
A flood of tears were pour'd upon her urn:
While all thoſe grievances ſhe did redreſs,
Her name and memory for ever bleſs.

On the Death of Mrs. BLAKE, of CROCKHORN, who died in a Week after being ſafely delivered of the ſixth Child.

WHAT eye forbids a tear, what heart a ſigh?
Fly ſome auſpicious Angel, quickly fly!
The ſtroke is too ſevere for man to bear,
If ſome celeſtial comfort be not there.

How anxiouſly the lov'd EUSEBIUS ſtands,
To Heav'n in pray'r lifts up his ardent hands,
That when the trying period ſhall arrive,
The dear AMATA be preſerv'd alive.

At

At length the hour advances, Heav'n ſeems
kind,
And lo! a lovely infant ſoon we find;
The dear maternal friend bids fair for life,
And the fond huſband views his lovely wife,
The living mother of a living child,
And all the huſband all the father ſmil'd;
Joy fills his heart, love ſparkles in his eyes,
And each foreboding thought before him dies
His grateful heart aſcends in praiſe to Heav'n
Whoſe goodneſs had this double bleſſing giv'n.
Each friend congratulates the happy pair,
And wiſhes in their mutual joy to ſhare.
Life ſmiles on all, no trouble ſeems t'annoy,
But ah! ſad change—How tranſient is the
joy?
Each heart where gladneſs ſat—beneath the
ſtroke
Sinks to deſpair, and all it's comfort's brok,

Her face, which yielded pleaſure and delight,
At once turns pale and ſolemn as the night;
Gloom ſpreads around, her Sun withdraws his rays,
And ſets in the meridian of her days.
She meekly yields, ſinks from the fondeſt arms,
She dies!—and with her die a thouſand charms,
In her the moſt endearing wife is dead,
The tend'reſt mother from her children fled.
The courteous neighbour, faithful friend ſhe prov'd,
In life by all reſpected and belov'd,
By all lamented when from life remov'd.
Earth ſeem'd unworthy of her longer ſtay,
And Heav'n receiv'd her to celeſtial day;
There ſhe beholds the glories of her Lord,
And all her virtues meet a full reward.

On

On the Much Lamented DEATH of the Rev. Mr. WHITFIELD, who died in NEW ENGLAND, Sept. 30, 1770.

WHY doth all Nature wear an awful gloom?
And why, alas! exults yon diſtant tomb?
Why doth a ſable cloud the ſky o'er-ſpread?
WHITFIELD alas! ſeraphic WHITFIELD's dead,
The Friend, the Chriſtian, the approv'd Divine,
The Saint in whom the life of GOD did ſhine,
The man whom Heav'n ordain'd to preach for all,
And thouſands by his miniſtry to call;
The Lord did chuſe him in his youthful days,
To ſpeak his glory and ſet forth his praiſe.

Mov'd by celeſtial love, did undertake,
The miniſtry alone for JESU's ſake.
His tongue was touch'd with evangelic fire,
And heav'nly raptures did his ſoul inſpire.
Then forth into the World this Herald came,
Reſolv'd to propogate IMMANUEL's name;
To ſet his glory forth from pole to pole,
Were the capacious breathings of his ſoul.
He loudly did the Goſpel trumpet ſound,
Whilſt thouſands trembl'd as they ſtood around,
Proclaim'd the ſuff'rings of a dying GOD,
Invited ſinners to his pard'ning blood,
Enforc'd to all the great neceſſity
Of knowing this—"The Saviour dy'd for me."
Thus was our nation bleſs'd with Goſpel truth,
Boldly deliver'd by this choſen Youth,

Who

Who with an heart inflam'd with JESU's love,
Caus'd GOD to pour his bleſſings from above.
But did this Champion for the living GOD,
Appear in England only, to do good?
No, no, his gracious Captain points his way
Beyond the ſeas, and Whitfield muſt obey:
For in his Maker's will he did rejoice,
Was all attention to his ſacred voice.
When JESUS bade o'er raging ſeas to paſs,
Through vaſt AMERICA, to ſound his grace,
There, like an Herald for the bleeding Lamb,
He went, and did the Negroes ſouls inflame.
Shew'd Ethiopians their Redeemer nigh,
To cleanſe their ſpotted ſouls from deepeſt dye.
In ſuch pathetic accents mov'd his tongue,
As rent and broke the very heart of ſtone.

Thus

Thus did he ſound his Maker's praiſe abroad,
A lab'rer in the vineyard of his GOD.
But now, alas! his labours are all o'er,
The fields do eccho with his voice no more;
No more from his dear Engliſh friends he parts,
No more returns to animate their hearts,
But leaves ten thouſand thouſands to deplore
The death of him, who lives to die no more.
Let things inanimate his worth proclaim!
And ſhout from ſea to ſea his wond'rous name!
O ye nocturnal luminaries tell,
What love for ſouls did in his boſom dwell!
Say, ſay what nights this advocate with GOD
Spent wreſtling to avert th'impending rod.
Let fair AURORA in her turn declare,
How he preceded her by praiſe and pray'r.

Let

Let churches, chapels, tabernacles tell,
Who e'er within their walls did him excel.
Let counties, cities, towns, and ſtreets proclaim,
How faithfully he did the truth maintain.
Say winds and waves, how oft the Saint ye toſs'd,
When he for GOD the great Atlantic croſs'd?
And let the Continent abroad begin,
To tell what heav'nly news he there did bring,
How he explain'd the love of JESU's heart,
'Till ſinners with their ev'ry ſin did part.
Hell trembl'd when this god-like man aroſe,
And all its votaries commenc'd his foes.
Say, Prince Infernal, how inhanc'd thy ire,
When JESUS did his Whitfield's ſoul inſpire;
When like a flaming Seraph round he flew,
Thy works, thy cauſe, thy kingdom o'erthrew?

Say,

Say ye celeſtial Angels, how ye fled,
On willing wings, to guard his favour'd head.
Say, ev'ry Saint, how did your hearts rejoice,
When ere ye heard the ſound of W's voice;
Well might each boſom ſigh, each Chriſtian weep,
When this ſeraphic herald fell aſleep.
But could we quit theſe tenements of clay,
And ſoar aloft into celeſtial day,
There faithful Whitfield may at once be found,
With an eternal wreath of glory crown'd,
And ſhouting loud Hoſannahs to that God,
Who made him more than conqu'ror thro' his blood.
May we, like him, each breath for JESUS ſpend,
Like Whitfield perſevere unto the end,

Like

Like him ſail through this life's tempeſtuous
ſea,
Fight the good fight, and gain the victory.
That when the laſt tremenduous trump ſhall
ſound,
We in the wedding garment may be found,
With Angels, Saints, and favour'd Whitfield
meet,
And ever worſhip at IMMANUEL's feet,
There ſing the wonders of redeeming love,
With all the blood-bought company above.

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. HOWELL HARRIS, who died JULY 21, 1781.

WHAT penſive, ſolemn, dolefull tidings
found?
All ZION's ſons will deeply feel the wound!

A brother, friend, a father dear is gone!
HARRIS is dead; his crown of glory's won!
What tongue can tell, what hand can paint
the loſs
Of one ſo ſteady under JESU's croſs?

Hail, happy ſoul! thy mourning days
are o'er,
Inhabitant of mortal fleſh no more!
No more ſhall pain and anguiſh thee confine,
Nor on a dying-bed thy head recline.
No more ſhall ſin oppreſs thy righteous ſoul,
Nor grief come near, while endleſs ages roll.
No more (when glows thy heart with pure
deſire)
Thou'lt feel the force of perſecution's fire.
No more, with what is worſe, ſhalt thou be
try'd,
By vain Profeſſors ſetting thee aſide:

Advanc'd

Advanc'd beyond their frowns, beyond their
praiſe,
HARRIS with Angels tunes his grateful lays.
He ſits with all thoſe radiant hoſts above,
And ſwims in ſeas of pure celeſtial love.
He meets his bleſſed partner, gone before,
They meet to praiſe their God, and part no
more.
She like a brilliant diamond appears,
And helps to decorate the crown he wears.
Not her alone, but thouſands more there be,
Whom GOD awaken'd by his miniſtry.
How glorioufly he ſhines;—what mean
theſe ſighs?
Why flow theſe torrents from our languid
eyes?
But ah! we weep, that he from us ſhould
part,
Who ſo minutely trac'd the ſinner's heart;

Who all the reaſonings therein diſclos'd,
And all the Devil's ſtratagem's expos'd;
The man whom GOD firſt raiſed (in his youth)
In WALES, to propagate the Goſpel truth,
He ſet his brow as braſs, no fleſh he fear'd,
Eſſential truth he faithfully declar'd.
His grace, and knowledge, numbers to him drew,
They to his houſe, like doves to windows, flew,
Thouſands he caus'd, by the great pow'r of GOD,
To part with ſin, and fly to JESU's blood,
He ſpake, nor did his works his words deny,
He liv'd each day, as tho' that day to die.
O Moon, and Stars, who make the darkneſs light,
Tell us how oft he groan'd to GOD by night.
Say, riſing Sun, yea tell us dawning day,
How ſoon he left his bed, to praiſe and pray.

Say

Say walls, and cloſets, ev'ry ſecret place,
How oft he ſupplicated GOD for grace,
How oft he with his bleſſed Lord did meet,
And fill'd with love, bow'd at his ſacred feet.
Say, thou infernal Prince, how thou didſt rage,
When HARRIS did againſt thy cauſe engage;
And let thine emiſſaries here proclaim,
That mov'd by thee, they vilify'd his name.
Say ye bleſt Angels, how diſpatch'd from GOD,
To guard him round on ev'ry ſide ye ſtood,
Say, Sinners ſay, how oft with warm deſire,
He warn'd you to eſcape eternal fire.
Let towns and ſtreets, houſes and fields proclaim,
His conſtant ardour for his JESU's name.
Then let each Chriſtian with a ſecret ſigh,
Reverberate TREVECKA's penſive cry.

Let ev'ry heart lift up a fervent pray'r,
That old ELIJAH's mantle may be there.
That God from age, to age, may carry on,
Th' amazing work which HARRIS hath begun.
That all who ſhall that Saint of God ſucceed,
Like him, may prove true Iſraelites indeed.
Not all the pow'rs of hell could him diſmay,
He to the end purſu'd the narrow way.
The paths of peace inceſſantly he trod,
Then dy'd exulting in his Saviour God.
His ſpirit catholic was friend to all,
Who Jeſu's image bore, and name did call,
A mighty conq'ror as in life in death,
Cry'd vict'ry, vict'ry, to his lateſt breath,
And tho' his body felt moſt poignant ſmart,
He ſaid " the dear Redeemer keeps my heart,"

And when the great I AM ſhall burn the
ſkies,
And bid unnumber'd Worlds to Judgment
riſe,
Then HARRIS by his Lord ſhall be confeſt,
And ſoul, and body, enter into reſt,
Return triumphant to his deſtin'd Throne,
And dwell with God, in extacies unknown.

On the Death of the Rev. Mr. WATKINS, of LANURSK, in the County of BRECON, who died the 9th of Jan. 1774.

Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my latter End be like his.

ALAS! what mournful tidings ſtrike my
ſoul!
Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, my paſſions now con-
troul,

WATKINS is gone—is number'd with the dead!
And all his loving partner's joys are fled!
Now all his words affectionate and kind,
And ev'ry look is recent on her mind,
She views the token * of their mutual love,
And weeps there is no Father to reprove,
Who wiſely rul'd with a paternal care,
And in her joys and griefs a part did bear.
Thus waves of grief acroſs her boſom roll,
And fill with deep diſtreſs her penſive ſoul!
But ſhe alone doth not ſuſtain the loſs,
For ev'ry lover of the Saviour's croſs,
With whom he did in Chriſtian union meet,
The death of WATKINS greatly muſt regret.
In him they loſt a brother and a friend,
On whom for counſel ſage they might depend:

* A Child about ſix years old.

A kind reprover, but with all ſincere,
Kind to the ſinner, to the ſin ſevere.
To ſpeak eſſential truths he did not ſhun,
Not partial to the great, ———
A faithful Monitor and Father he,
For gifts unequall'd in ſociety;
A public Lab'rer, zealous for his God,
Who pointed ſinners to the Saviour's Blood.
A bleſſed inſtrument thro' God hath been,
Of calling numbers from the paths of ſin.
Belov'd of God, he did in God confide,
For "By his works his Faith was juſtify'd."
Each truly Chriſtian grace in him was found;
Oh! cruel Death, why didſt thou give the wound,
Why didſt thou not permit his uſeful days;
Who only liv'd to ſound his Maker's praiſe?

But

But ah! 'tis nature ſpeaks, let Faith ariſe
And view the Saint aſcending to the ſkies;
His Lord for glory made his ſervant meet,
Then call'd him hence to worſhip at his feet,
Hark! how the Heav'nly Choir began to ſing,
A ſong of praiſe, when WATKINS enter'd in.
To ſee another of the blood-bought race,
Return'd from ſorrow, glory to embrace.
But oh! what extacies his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
When he beheld the glories of the bleſs'd!
When he beheld, without a veil between,
What once as through a glaſs was darkly ſeen!
His glorious Lord, in all his God-like charms!
And heard him, bid him welcome to his arms.

" Come

" Come my belov'd by purchaſe thou art
mine,
" Be Life, eternal Life for ever thine."
Thus fares the Saint, who while he dwelt
below,
A world of ſin and pain and grief did know,
Now he beholds among the ranſom'd few,
Thoſe whom he lately in the body knew,
Who juſt before him gain'd the happy ſhore,
With joy they meet their Jeſus to adore.
No noneſſentials there the Saints diſpute,
Nor will they wiſh each other to confute,
Their only ſtrife, who loudeſt ſhall proclaim
The matchleſs glory of the ſlaughter'd Lamb
Who has redeem'd us by his precious Blood
And made us Kings, and Prieſts, and ſons of
God*.
Children of God, who now the body wear,
Are not your hearts now panting to be there?

* Rev. i. 5, 6.

Are

Are not your very inmoſt ſouls on fire,
Thus to be chanting with the heav'nly choir?
Your ſpirit thus releas'd and ſoar away,
To dwell with WATKINS in eternal day.
Who would not like our lov'd EUSEBIUS die
Who when he found his diſſolution nigh,
More than a conq'ror thro' his Saviour's Blood,
Could ſay, "my life is hid with CHRIST in GOD!"
Commending all to JESU's ſpecial grace,
He ſweetly bow'd his dying head in peace.
Oh! why ſhould we the death of Saints deplore
And mourn as tho' they dy'd to live no more?
Henceforth forbear to weep, but ſtrive to raiſe
Our feeble pow'rs in GOD our Saviour's praiſe.

But

But tho' each Chriſtian's heart might well
rejoice,
When thus by death they hear their ſove-
reign's voice,
Let careleſs ſinners, aliens from their GOD,
Who never knew the worth of JESU's Blood,
With horror tremble, when in tender love
They hear the Saviour call his Saints above:
For when the laſt * elect is gather'd in
Adieu! to all the advocates for ſin,
Adieu! to ev'ry pleaſure, ſport, and game,
Except they find them in the gen'ral flame,
Then thoſe who oft the good have vilify'd,
Shall be by GOD eternally deny'd.
When WATKINS in the number of the juſt,
Shall find admittance, with a "Come ye
bleſt,"
"Enter the Kingdom, I prepar'd for you,
"Ere earth or ſea their firſt exiſtence knew.

* Matth. xx. iv. 31.

On

On the Death of the Author's Mother, Mrs. CAVE, of BRECON, who died Feb. 6, 1777.

And I heard a voice from Heaven, ſaying unto me, Write, Bleſſed are *the Dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, ſaith the Spirit, that they may reſt from their Labours; and their works do follow them.* Rev. xiv. 13.

'TIS done,—'tis GOD has call'd her—I ſubmit,
And humbly own that beſt which he thinks fit.
But ah! when firſt I heard the direful news,
My wounded ſoul all comfort did refuſe,
I heard—I felt—I ſunk beneath the ſtroke,
With very grief my vital ſpirits broke.
I view'd the dear lov'd face, conſign'd to death,

And

And heard her bleſs me with her parting
breath.
My heart was full, and in my grief I cry'd,
Oh! that I had with my dear Mother dy'd;
A thouſand of her ſoft endearing words
Flew to my mind, and pierc'd my heart like
ſwords.
She gave me birth, and more than twenty
years,
I've been the object of her anxious cares.
Through helpleſs infancy ſhe ſav'd from
harms,
And nurs'd, and bore me in her tender arms.
She ſympathiz'd in all my pain and grief,
And would have borne it all for my relief.
And is that precious life for ever o'er?
And ſhall I know maternal love no more?
In vain this vaſt terreſtrial ball I trace,
I view no more that lovely, deareſt face:
No more her tender, Chriſtian letters ſee,
Nor hear how oft ſhe wept, and pray'd for me.

O worſt of days, that has bereft of life,
So dear a Mother, and ſo lov'd a Wife.
Where ſhall I go to eaſe my burthen'd heart?
Where find a friend, who'll with me bear a part?
Alas! there's none—O let me weep and figh!
I'll mourn, and wail my loſs until I die!
Thus Nature felt, and ſpoke; for Reaſon fled,
And Faith, and Hope, lay bury'd with the dead;
But there's a GOD, a never-failing friend,
Whoſe pity, love, and goodneſs know no end.
I knew him ſuch, I to his footſtool flew,
And found his promiſes were firm and true.
He heard my ſad complaint, he gave relief,
And bade me riſe ſuperior to my grief.
Huſh—Nature—then I cry'd, nor more complain,
She only left a world of grief and pain,

To

To enter manſions of eternal reſt,
To live, and reign with GOD for ever bleſt.
How patient in affliction, how reſign'd,
How meet for glory was her peaceful mind!
She welcom'd Death, and ſaid, *L Q R D,*
quickly come,
And take me hence, I long to be at home.
She bleſt her houſe, and bid them ceaſe to weep,
Then, with a ſmile, in CHRIST, ſhe fell aſleep.

Hail then, dear Saint, in thy immortal joy!
In bliſs ſuperlative, without alloy.
Live with thy GOD, nor let my partial mind
E'er wiſh thy ſtay from joys ſo unconfin'd;
But let my grateful heart in praiſe aſcend
To that all-gracious, all-victorious friend,
Who guided, lov'd, and kept thee to the end.

EPITAPHS.

On a YOUNG MAN, who died Three Days after he was married.

ALL fleſh is graſs—Important truth!
Nor dare we boaſt of health or youth,
The nuptial bed I ſcarce had trod,
Ere ſummon'd forth to meet my GOD,
Compell'd to leave my weeping Bride,
Sunk from her tender arms, and dy'd.

Another

Another, On a YOUNG LADY.

BEHOLD ye thoughtleſs young and gay,
What I am now, ye ſhortly may.
I preach whilſt here I mould'ring lie,
And this my text—*Prepare to die!*

Another, On an AMIABLE WIFE.

SHE's gone!—The dear companion of my bed,
And with her ev'ry earthly bliſs is fled;
An empty world is all I now can boaſt,
With her my ev'ry wiſh and joy was loſt.

POEMS

ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

On hearing the Rev. Mr. R——D read the Morning Service, and preach in St. THOMAS's Church, WINCHESTER.

WHEN plac'd within the conſecrated Iſle,
In penſive ſolitude I ſat awhile;
At length with all the grace that Heav'n inſpires,
All that ſolemnity the Church requires,

Began

Began the ſacred order of the day:
The Reverend R——D did each truth convey,
With ſuch an emphaſis as muſt impart
A ſacred pleaſure to each pious heart,
With ſuch a cadence he diſmiſs'd each clauſe,
As ſhou'd enforce a GOD's eternal laws.
Not as ſome Prieſts, who run o'er ev'ry pray'r,
As tho' no truth, or ſoul, or GOD were there.
The giddy hearer enters gay and vain,
And unaffected leaves the Church again;
While leſſer truths deliver'd on the ſtage,
Or even fictions, will each mind engage,
Becauſe the player labours through his part,
To claim attention, and affect the heart.

If in a tragic character he moves,
And treats of deaths, or diſappointed loves,
Then

Then all the horrors conſequent on death,
Dart from his eyes, and ſpeak in ev'ry breath.
Does he th' afflicted lover perſonate,
Then all that ſofter paſſion can create,
Solicitude—love—anguiſh—grief—deſpair,
Yea ev'ry ſigh, and languid look is there,
'Till each ſpectator's eyes with tears o'erflow,
And thus concludes this ſcene of fancy'd woe.
But truth's eternal, ſacred, and divine,
Where goodneſs, majeſty, and juſtice ſhine;
Yea truths on which our future hopes depend,
Truths which the moſt exalted mind tranſcend;
That awful tragedy in which a GOD
Pray'd, agoniz'd, and bath'd the ground with blood;
That tragedy from which the Sun withdrew,
Nor wou'd his crucifying Maker view;

That

That love,—ſtupendous love,—ſurpaſſing
thought,
Which paid our ranſom, tho' ſo dearly
bought.
Theſe truths ſublime the audience coldly
hear,
Nor ever deign to drop a feeling tear;
While at the play each boſom heaves a ſigh,
Lo! in the Church unmov'd they ſit,—But
why?
The Prieſt to whom the Embaſſy is giv'n,
Who is the high Ambaſſador of Heav'n,
Treats ſacred truth with cold indifference,
As tho' 'twere fiction, or impertinence.
Celeſtial themes, that move a Seraph's lyre,
Droop on his tongue, and on his lips expire;
While the wiſe Actor aims by his addreſs,
Each fiction as undoubted truth t'impreſs.

Would

Would thoſe Divines, whom love canno induce,
Whoſe languid hearts no ardor can diffuſe,
(Whoſe feet, perhaps, the church wou'd ne'er frequent,
If not inſpir'd by her emolument),
Would even gain inſtruction from the ſtage,
By any means their audience to engage.
Leſt months and years ſhould run their ample round,
And when the Maſter comes, no fruit be found.
No prodigal brought home, no ſin ſubdu'd,
No Saint advanc'd in grace, nor mind renew'd.
All's barren ground, when an incenſed God,
Will from the Prieſt require his people's blood.

An

An HYMN in Time of OPPOSITION.

O LORD a poor deſpiſed few,
Once more together meet;
Diſtill on each thy heav'nly dew,
And lay us at thy feet.

May each as the elect of GOD,
Bowels of mercy know;
And as the purchaſe of thy blood,
In all thy foot-ſteps go.

Give us thy ſpirit, gentle, mild,
To teach us, Lord, that when
We are like thee, by man revil'd,
Not to revile again.

And if we ſuffer for thy cauſe,
O let us not repine,

But

But ſimply talk, and bear thy Croſs,
And prove that we are thine.

Let no oppoſing ſpirit reign,
But let us, through thy grace,
From all religious wars refrain,
And follow after peace.

Thus let us by our works of love,
Conſtrain our foes to ſay,
"We only ſeek our home above,
And tread the narrow way."

Another Hymn.

COME thou all prevailing Spirit,
Come and teach me how to pray,
Intercede for Jesu's merit,
Waſh and take my ſins away.

How

How much need of that atonement,
Hath a guilty ſoul like me?
Who am not one fleeting moment,
From ſome ſinful paſſion free.

Sin, where e'er I go, I find it,
Find it woven in my heart;
To thy croſs, O Jeſus! bind it,
Sin deſtroy, and grace impart:
Sin, like weeds, for ever ſpringing,
Doth the ſoil throughout defile;
All my life's a life of ſinning,
Oh! I'm viler than the vile.

Yes, I ſin in ev'ry action,
Sin in ev'ry word and thought;
I can't pray without diſtraction,
Sin, on all I do is wrote.
When I to my cloſet enter,
Seeking peace, in JESU's blood,

Swift, as thought, intrudes the Tempter,
Drives, or draws, my heart from GOD.

Thus while I am proſtrate lying,
While my lips, in pray'r move,
While, with ſeeming ardour crying,
For redemption, from above;
Lo! I find, at that dread inſtant,
My vain heart is rov'd away,
Wander'd off, on ſomething diſtant,
And my lips alone do pray.

Then abaſh'd, I ſilent wonder,
Why is ſuch a rebel ſpar'd?
Why not caſt amongſt that number,
In eternal chains reſerv'd?
Then with ſhame and joy confounded,
I exult in ſovereign grace,
Grace which hath to me abounded,
Me, the worſt of ADAM's race.

Lord,

Lord, if I forget to praiſe thee,
Let my tongue forget to move;
Jesu, to thy likeneſs raiſe me,
Let me all thy goodneſs prove;
Let my guilt be now abſolved,
My whole nature ſanctify,
Lord, I long to be diſſolved,
Make me meet, and let me die.

On the First General-Fast after the Commencement of the late War.

WHEN direful judgments pour in like flood,
And fields, alas! are drench'd with human blood,
When armies after armies proſtrate lie,
And brother, by his brother's hand muſt die,

When kingdoms ſeem to riſe, or empire
fall,
One great Omnipotent conducts it all,
And thoſe have but a ſuperficial ſcan,
Who view no higher origin than Man.

Be ſtill, methinks I hear JEHOVAH cry,
Be ſtill before your GOD, and know 'tis I!
'Tis I make peace, and I create ſtern war,
And ride to battle in my flaming car,
I guide the bullet, point the glitt'ring ſword
Defeat, or conqueſt, wait my awful word.
But do I pleaſure in deſtruction take,
Or have your ſins not bid the ſword awake?
Do not a nation's ſad offences call
For national calamities to fall?

Great Sov'reign Lord, we own thy judg-
ments juſt,
And hide our guilty faces in the duſt;

Rejoice

Rejoice to hear a day is ſanctify'd
T' implore thy aid, and humble BRITAIN's pride.
But may we not in this incur the rod,
And make a ſolemn mockery of GOD?
T'abſtain from food, to take our prayer-books,
And walk to church with evangelic looks;
To bend the knee, or move the lips in pray'r,
If all the heart be not engaged there,
Is empty ſhew, a poor external part,
While GOD, the Omniſcient GOD, demands the heart;
And ſhould we fail in this grand ſacrifice,
The whole will be offenſive in his eyes.
Deſcend, celeſtial dove, with holy fire,
And pure devotion ev'ry ſoul inſpire.

May vital pray'r, expreſs'd by ardent ſighs,
Aſcend to GOD, and penetrate the ſkies.
Let all the nation thus with faſting turn,
And heart ſincere, their paſt tranſgreſſions mourn;
Then is eternal truth engag'd to bleſs,
And crown our juſt petitions with ſucceſs.

The Author being requeſted on a Sunday Evening, by a Company of gay Ladies, to write a few Lines of POETRY inſtantaneouſly, ſhe accordingly preſented them with the following.

WHEN you, good Ladies, bid me write,
My drowſy Muſe had took her flight,
But ere ſhe reach'd her moſſy bed,
I gave a call, and back ſhe fled.

I humbly

I humbly aſk'd her what to ſay,
She anſwer'd—" On a ſabbath day,
" If you preſume to write a line,
" Be careful that it is divine,
" For know that ev'ry word and thought
" Shall be to ſtricteſt judgment brought,
" And what is now tranſacted here,
" Shall to unnumber'd worlds appear;
" When Earth ſhall from her center fly,
" And ſtars deſert the blazing ſky,
" When frighted ſouls in vain ſhall call
" For rocks and hills on them to fall.
" Then let this day and night be ſpent,
" As in that day you'll not repent."

A Poem,

A Poem, occaſioned by hearing prophane Curſing and Swearing.

AND can we wonder, if the ſword
Is plung'd in Brothers blood?
If threat'ning vengeance flies around
From a tremendous God.

When daring ſinners thus preſume
His anger to provoke,
When daily with impunity
His dread command is broke.

What hath eternal truth declar'd,
None guiltleſs ſhall remain,
Who ſwears by ought in Heav'n or Earth,
Or takes his name in vain.

Yet imprecations fill our ſtreets,
And bold blaſphemers dare

Invoke

Invoke damnation from above,
And by JEHOVAH ſwear.

Their impious breath pollutes the air,
Omnipotence defies,
Compels a long forbearing GOD,
In judgment to riſe.

What! trifle with that ſacred name,
Whoſe goodneſs gives us breath!
Or Juſtice ſmites our feeble frame,
And chains us down in Death.

Will not incenſed Majeſty
In vengeance lift his hand,
And bid deſerved judgments fall
On ſuch a guilty land.

O when will ſinners ceaſe from ſin,
And call for bleſſings down?
Then ſhall the ſword be ſheath'd again,
And laurels deck the crown.

On the Departure of Six Miſſionaries to AMERICA, ſoon after the Death of the Rev. Mr. W.

WHEN once the ſoul, ariſing from the dead,
Drinks the new wine, and eats the living bread,
It thirſts, it pants, it prays, for all to taſte
This heav'nly banquet, this celeſtial feaſt.
The bleſt ambition this, the pray'r of theſe,
Who brave the dangers of the boiſt'rous ſeas.

Go heralds, go! and may the God of peace
Go with you—guide you—ſtrengthen you with grace.

Lo!

Lo! we commend you to his ſpecial care!
Go forth in confidence, your Lord is near.
Nor rocks, nor ſeas, nor raging billows dread,
His potent ſhield ſhall ſcreen each favour'd head.
Think how the winds and ſeas his voice obey'd
Your ſov'reign Lord! be not by ought diſmay'd;
And whilſt on board, may JESUS be your guide,
In calmeſt ſeas, and o'er the rougheſt tide.
So ſhall each ſoul 'croſs the broad deep ſurvive,
Till at the port deſir'd ye all arrive.
There, like young champions from great W—— ſprung,
Fly round, and gain for CHRIST a num'rous throng!

W——

W——— called thouſands, JESUS to adore!
But may you call ten thouſand thouſands more!
Go forth like DAVID, with your ſling and ſtone,
And bear the world, and ſin, and SATAN down,
Fight on courageous for your Saviour GOD,
Nor e'er recoil—atteſt the truth to blood.
Stand firm, nor fear tho' men, or Devils frown,
Endure the Croſs, and wear the Heav'nly Crown.
O bleſt Americans, how well might ye
Exult with utmoſt joy, whilſt penſive we
Sit ſorrowing here, and each to each deplore
Our abſent friends perhaps to meet no more.
O bleſſed GOD! do thou our grief ſuſtain,
And let us know we have not heard in vain.

Their

Their faithful exhortations bring to mind,
And teach us to revere theſe left behind.
And when this tranſitory life is paſt,
O may we meet around thy throne at laſt.
There, fill'd with love, our gracious God adore,
And weep, and ſigh, and part with friends no more!

On hearing the TOLLING of a BELL, in a very unhealthy Spring, when great Numbers were carried off.

WHAT do I hear—or fancy that I hear?
(As long accuſtom'd to the doleful ſound)
The tolling of yon melancholy bell!
Which has for weeks and months inceſſantly

Some dreadful ſtory in my ears proclaim'd,
And with repeated ſtrokes alarm'd the town!
Alas! 'tis more than fancy——Hark it ſtrikes!
Yea, more in language moſt emphatical
It ſpeaks—My inmoſt ſoul with horror fills.
What does the dread but true informer ſay?
What doth it intimate or what declare?
Not that ſome valiant chief, mighty in arms,
Returns, with honour and with conqueſt crown'd:
Nor that a noble heir is lately born,
Whoſe birth makes joyful his glad parents hearts,
And proves perhaps a bliſs to future days:
Nor that the nuptial knot has juſt been ty'd
Between ſome happy pair, who mutually
Agree, to ſpend their future days in love's Em-

Embrace—Nor is it what wou'd be leſs
pleaſing,
That ſome intolerable woe is near,
If an expedient be not quickly found
T'avert, or diſſipate th' impending ſtroke;
For were it thus, each may allay his grief,
And with a peradventure quell the ſigh.
But ah! it leaves us not one glimpſe of hope,
More than portention in its voice is heard.
It tells us that the fatal dart is fled,
Lodg'd in the vitals, in the heart, or
head,
Of ſome one of the race of fallen Adam:
And that an aweful ſeparation's made,
The ſpirit forc'd from her clay tenement,
Prepar'd, or unprepar'd, away ſhe's fled,
To ſtand before the heart, rein-trying GOD.
And now her die eternally is caſt
In ſad perdition, or in endleſs bliſs.

In vain ten thouſand arts would now combine,
Ten thouſand briny ſhow'rs be pour'd in vain,
Or all the treaſures of the Indies brought,
To make the ſoul reſume her wonted ſeat,
Or actuate th' inanimated clay.
Such is the conqueſt, ſuch the pow'r of death,
Who daily ſome new trophy doth erect,
To ſhew how univerſally he reigns.
O thou inimitable King of Terrors!
Shall none eſcape from thy vexatious jaws,
But wilt thou ſtill continue to deſtroy,
Nor heed what age, what quality, or ſex?
The tender babe, the great, the wiſe, the good,
The hoary head, the mean, the weak, the vile,

Are

Are all by thee, alike, reduc'd to duſt!
Deſtruction is eſſential to thy nature,
And formidable is thy very name.

But oh! my ſoul why rageſt thou at death?
He is but the vicegerent of his God.
Nor did he ever give the mortal wound,
Until the fatal mandate had been ſeal'd,
And ſent from the tremendous court of Heav'n:
And then, indeed, obſequious to his God,
And deaf to all the cries of ſinful man,
At once he executes the dread command.
'Tis Heav'ns decree, ſince thy firſt parents ſinn'd,
(And doſt thou at the juſt decree repine?)
That ev'ry ſoul of man ſhould paſs thro' death.
So, if thou traceſt matters to their ſource,
That monſter Sin was the efficient cauſe

Of all calamities, of ev'ry death;
Of that for which I now hear yonder knell,
Which brings this ſecret horror o'er my heart.
Sinner awake, the deathly ſignal hear,
Regard it as a monitor to thee!
A gracious call, a ſpecial voice from Heav'n!
But ah! Death's viſits now ſo frequent are;
Men laugh at Death, and lightly of him deem!
Tho' dead in ſin, and enemies to GOD,
They think to meet him with an air of triumph;
Nor ever dream, that, at his dread approach,
Ten thouſand horrors will at once awake!
Conſcience, tho' ſtifled till that very moment,
Will like ſome potent prince victorious riſe,
And act the part for which it was deſign'd.
Open the book of records, and arrange

In

In dread array* before the ſinner's mind,
Ten thouſand times ten thouſand paſt tranſ-
greſſions!
Which had for years as in oblivion laid,
(Then blacken'd with the thought of ſlighted
grace,)
Will all appear—diſtract the guilty mind,
And drive the frantic ſoul to deep deſpair.
Then with a fearful looking for of death,
She dies—and ſinks into the dark abyſs,
Nor ever knows a period to her pains.
For ſtill, and ſtill, and ſtill, 'tis "wrath to
come!"
O then vain man, "work while 'tis call'd
to-day,"
Bethink thyſelf, before it be too late,
Fall quickly to ſoliloquy, and ſay——
Am I not mortal, like my fellow-creatures?

* A law term, as well as military.

And

And can I call one inch of time my own,
Or boaſt myſelf in the approaching hour?
With great celerity my moments fly,
Surely my days will ſhortly find a period!
Suppoſe it now!—Bring Death's pale aſpect near,
See him and his concomitants advance!
Fancy the well aim'd arrow on the wing,—
Sev'ring thy ſoul from all terreſtrial things!
To ſtand before the great tremendous Judge,
Whoſe piercing eye hath taken cognizance
Of ev'ry thought, and word, and act, unjuſt,
By thee committed, but by thee forgot!
Lo! the minuteſt has not miſs'd his notice,
Nor ſlipt the mind of the eternal all.
How ſtands thy ſoul affected at the thought?
Ah! is there not a ſomething that recoils

And

And wiſhes to poſtpone the fatal hour?
This argues all is not aright within:
And that if death ſhould find thee as thou art.
Thou wouldſt not die, as doth a bird, or beaſt,
Who are annihilated at their death,
But dying, die, and die, and never die.
O then redeem thy time, to JESUS fly,
With ſpeed take ſhelter in his bleeding wounds,
Who only takes away Death's poignant ſting
And turns the ghaſtly monſter to a friend.
Make ſure thy int'reſt in the bleeding lamb,
Nor let him reſt, until he ſpeaks thee peace,
Then come whatever may, come life or death,
To live will then be CHRIST, to die be gain.
Death will be more deſir'd by thy ſoul,

Than

Than all the honours that the world beſtows:
For by his friendly hand thou'lt part with ſin,
And from a world of ſorrow, grief, and pain,
To the immediate preſence of thy GOD.
There baſk in ſeas of uncreated bliſs!
In extacies to worms on earth unknown!
With Angels and Arch-angels, ſweetly join,
To ſing the praiſes of a Triune GOD.

An HYMN for CONSECRATION, ſung at the Opening of the Counteſs of *Huntingdon*'s Chapels in *Brecon*, *Worceſter*, &c.

COME JESUS! come, and bleſs this place!
'Tis open'd in thy name;
Deſcend with ſhow'rs of heav'nly grace,
And conſecrate the ſame.

Eternal

Eternal God, our pray'r attend,
Diffuſe thy love around:
As to the burning-buſh, deſcend,
And make it holy ground!

Bid each the man of ſin put by!
As Moſes did of old
His ſhoes put off, when he drew nigh,
Thy glory to behold.

Lord, let thy glory fill this place,
Yea fill each ſinner's heart:
Come thou incarnate Prince of Peace,
And never more depart.

In vain we are aſſembl'd here,
If Jesus does not come:
Appear, thou bleeding Lamb, appear,
Let ev'ry heart make room!

Within theſe walls let thouſands, Lord,
Thro' grace be born of thee;
And in this place thy name record
'Till time no more ſhall be.

Now, Saviour, now thy work begin,
Thy potent arm diſplay:
Let ſome poor rebel dead in ſin
Be made alive to-day!

Call ſome poor wand'rer by thy grace,
Who knew thee not before:
So ſhall we bleſs thee for this place
When time ſhall be no more.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS.

AWAKE each heart, rejoice and ſing,
Salute the morn that CHRIST our King,
Aſſumes

Aſſumes our fleſh and blood;
Sinners, 'twas life for you and me,
When CHRIST partook our miſery,
All hail the Saviour GOD!

IMMANUEL is the Saviour's name,
Yes GOD with us, O glorious theme!
Shout, ſhout the news abroad,
With ſpeed the wond'rous tidings tell,
A GOD deſcends with Man to dwell!
All hail the babe, the GOD!

The great I AM, who all things made,
The world's ſtupendous pillars laid;
Earth trembles at his nod:
Him whom eternal ages crown'd,
Is as an helpleſs infant found:
All hail the Saviour GOD!

O wond'rous! O amazing love!
Which brought the Saviour from above;
'Twas he the vine preſs trod!
His church's ſins on him were laid,
And he the mighty debt hath paid:
All hail the babe, the GOD!

Bid Satan, ſelf, and ſin depart,
Bid JESUS welcome to your heart,
He bore your wond'rous load;
In him the father's reconcil'd,
Well pleas'd alone in Mary's child,
All hail the Saviour GOD!

In grateful ſongs your voices raiſe,
From ſea, to ſea, reſound his praiſe,
Give, give the Saviour laud;
All Heav'n aſtoniſh'd ſtands, that he
Should deign the ſon of man to be,
To make us ſons of GOD.

On

On the GENERAL FAST,

February 8, 1782.

OMNIPOTENT eternal all,
By whom ſtates riſe or empires fall,
Whoſe potent word creates a world,
Or bids it be to atoms hurl'd.

Lord of all Lords, and King of Kings,
Beginning, center, end of things;
Fountain of light, of life, and love,
Through worlds below, and worlds above.

Wond'rous I AM, myſterious word,
Who canſt, or draw, or ſheath the ſword.
We reptiles, who of duſt are made,
Preſume to ſupplicate thy aid.

To thee we dedicate this day,
To mourn for ſin, to faſt and pray!
Thy wond'rous works of old declare
The great effects of fervent pray'r.

Does Moſes but in ſpirit groan,
Lo! it prevails before thy throne.
The boiſt'rous waves at once divide,
And form a wall on either ſide.

Again he lifteth up his hands,
Iſrael a conqu'ring army ſtands:
But when his fervent ſpirit fails,
They fall, and Amaleck prevails.

The Ninevites its influence knew,
And jointly to thy footſtool flew:
They mourn, they faſt, to Heav'n they cry,
And turn th' impending judgment by.

May

May we like them confeſs our ſin,
The renovating work begin,
Timely avert thy vengeful rod,
And Jacob-like prevail with GOD!

Our land, our ſinking land protect,
Our king and ſenators direct;
Our fleets preſerve, our armies bleſs,
And bid the nation ſhout ſucceſs.

Our foes, our envious foes annoy,
And all their impious plots deſtroy.
Let peace her wiſh'd for banner ſpread,
And laurels deck our ſov'reign's head.

On hearing the Rev. Mr. B—— from PSALM 65, 2.

O thou that heareſt Prayer, unto thee ſhall all fleſh come.

WITH calm attention lo! I heard,
My heart the ſage divine rever'd,
While he with holy zeal explain'd
The gracious words his text contain'd.
I'll bid the muſe the theme prolong,
And form the ſubſtance in a ſong.

To GOD the Lord ſhall man repair
By public and by private pray'r;
Thus humbly his dependance own
On thee, thou infinite, unknown.
Where two or three are met in pray'r,
Lo! GOD has promis'd to be there;

He's

He's there a preſent help to bleſs,
Crown each petition with ſucceſs,
Or in his wiſer way our wants redreſs.

If warm'd by pure devotion's fire,
We to our cloſet ſhould retire,
There, unperceiv'd by human eye,
Pour forth to GOD our plaintive cry,
Or ſend before the throne a contrite ſigh,
Lo! he'll on wings of love deſcend,
And to our various wants attend.
Here we may get our hearts renew'd,
And each unruly luſt ſubdu'd:
Here virtue draw from JESU's blood,
And hold ſweet intercourſe with GOD:
Here we may all our griefs reveal,
Nor one beloved ſin conceal;
For, e'er we ſpeak, Omniſcience knows
What all our words and tears diſcloſe;

Then

Then ſome celeſtial cordial gives,
And lo! the contrite ſinner lives.

Not all the wealth the Indies own,
Crowns or the moſt exalted throne,
Shou'd counterpoiſe the bliſs of pray'r,
When God is by his preſence there.
In pray'r ſeraphic joys we find,
Which quite transform the earthly mind.
The man who always, ere he pray'd,
From the bright path of duty ſtray'd,
Lo! now he gladly runs therein,
And hates the garments ſtain'd by ſin.

This change is in himſelf alone,
For changes are to GOD unknown,
(Fixt as his own eternal name)
To-day and yeſterday's the ſame:
With endleſs glory to reward
Each humble follower of the Lord;

And

And fixt his purpoſe to diſdain
The ſoul who will in ſin remain,
Who ſlights the offers of his grace,
And never bows to ſeek his face.

As ſoon may man by air exiſt,
Or brutes without their food ſubſiſt;
The feather'd warblers live in floods,
Or the finn'd tribes amid the woods;
As ſoon may Satan burn with love,
Or GOD a fount of envy prove,
As ſhall the ſoul to heav'n aſcend,
Who without pray'r his days ſhall end.

When man has miſimprov'd his time,
And ſpent his youth, and health, and prime,
Only his GOD to diſobey,
When Death advances, he may pray,
But then his pray'r may be in vain,
GOD juſtly may his ſuit diſdain;

He

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He

He may, 'tis true, his grace extend,
And ev'n in death commence his friend:
So let the dying not deſpair,
But oh! let all the living fear;
For on an awful chance depends
A world of bliſs that never ends.
God may accept—and he may not—
He may thy name for ever blot
Out of his book of life divine,
And thy ſad ſoul to Hell conſign.

Then form your hearts in health to pray,
Nor let appearances diſmay
Your ſeeking ſouls:—Tho' good men lie
On beds of languiſhment, and die,
And tho' the wicked ſeem to riſe
On tow'ring pinions to the ſkies,
Think not the juſt has no reward,
Or is forgotten by his Lord,

Or

Or that his wrath does not remain
On thoſe who do his grace diſdain:
The wicked lives but to fulfil
The direful meaſure of his ill;
Each day ſtill makes the ſinner worſe,
And life by ſin becomes a curſe;
The greater his iniquity,
The more his puniſhment will be.
The good man dies, leaves earth and pain,
A crown of glory to obtain;
And if thro' life God try'd his grace,
'Twas but his glory to increaſe.

Let man before his God be ſtill,
Pray with ſubmiſſion to his will:
If what we aſk be for our good,
'Twill not be by our Lord withſtood;
But if he e'er our ſuit denies,
'Twas wrong—for he's immenſely wiſe.

Nature

Nature wou'd aſk for health and reſt,
When pain and ſickneſs may be beſt,
Our droſſy nature to refine;—
If ſo, be pain and ſickneſs mine.
The chaſt'ning rod I'll ne'er deſpiſe,
'Tis a rich bleſſing in diſguiſe.

Be thus reſign'd and paſſive found,
In works of holineſs abound,
Let ev'ry word, and work, and thought,
Be into ſtrict obedience brought;
But here beware of a miſtake,
Leſt that be fatal which you make.
Think not by this thy Heav'n to gain,
Or all thy righteouſneſs is vain;
Nought but a Saviour's precious blood
Can give thy ſoul acceſs to GOD;
Nought but his ſpotleſs righteouſneſs,
(And not thy works) muſt be thy dreſs.

'Twas

'Twas he that firſt thy ſoul inſpir'd,
Thy heart with pure devotion fir'd;
He gave thee faith, and faith's increaſe,
Purchas'd thy pardon, ſeal'd thy peace,
And bid thee live and grow in grace.
He is the firſt, and he alone
The laſt, the great, and corner ſtone;
Who builds upon this rock ſhall ſtand,
Who builds without it, builds on ſand,
And be his fabrick ne'er ſo tall,
'Twill in the day of trial fall.

Then wou'd you live and learn to die,
Live holy, yet your works decry;
And only hope a ſeat above,
Thro' boundleſs grace and dying love.

INGRATITUDE.

INGRATITUDE—thou ſin accurſt,
Of ev'ry ſin pronounc'd the worſt;
Deteſted weed, where e'er thou'rt found
Infernal poiſon ſwells the ground.

Chriſtians, who at perfection aim,
Or to its ſacred heights attain,
God-like in all they act or ſay,
Injuries with kindneſſes repay.

Heathens, who led by nature's rays,
Nor ever bleſt with goſpel days,
By nature's dictates underſtood,
'Twere juſt to render good for good.

Brutes, that of reaſon ne'er poſſeſt,
Can act no higher than a beaſt,
Led by their own revengeful will,
Will doubtleſs render ill for ill.

But

But thou accurſt, where e'er thou art,
Conſcience will know and point the dart;
Thou who repayeſt *good* with *evil*,
Art only equall'd by the Devil.

An HYMN for a CHILD who has loſt its FATHER or MOTHER.

O Thou who once didſt children bleſs,
And take them in thy arms,
Defend the infant fatherleſs,
And guard my feet from harms.

Thou canſt the loſs of friends ſupply,
And turn to good each ill;
Tho' ev'ry friend ſhould fail or die,
Thou art all gracious ſtill.

Thy wiſdom and thy pow'r I own,
For all thy ways are juſt;
The prince thou raiſeſt to his throne,
Or lay'ſt him down in duſt.

May I obey thy ſacred word
In theſe my infant days;
Grow up in all things like my Lord,
And learn to liſp his praiſe.

So ſhall I find thy promis'd reſt,
When this frail life is o'er,
And meet in my dear Saviour's breaſt
My friends fled hence before.

LOVE,

LOVE,

The ESSENCE of RELIGION.

NOT every one who crieth Lord,
Or hear, or pray, or preach thy word,
Wilt thou in God-like accents own,
Or hail as partners of thy throne.

What if this ſect or that I join,
Believe my party moſt divine,
Vain will my warmeſt notions prove,
If abſent from my heart, thy love.

What if with Calvin I agree,
Or to Arminian doctrines flee,
I ſtill remain a child of ſin,
If love does not preſide within.

Let

Let bigots for the ſhell contend,
In idle controverſies ſpend
Their precious time, who zealots fire
And notions (not thy love) inſpire.

With me let names and parties fall,
Thy love, my ſov'reign God, my all;
The ſubſtance this:—Of this poſſeſt,
'Mid flaming worlds I ſtand confeſt.

FINIS.